



WASHINGTON TIDES

The Ticket—A Rating

by Ernest K. Lindley

A TICKET without Rockefeller's special appeal to non-Republicans is probably not the strongest the Republicans could have offered. The Nixon-Lodge combination is strong, however. Almost certainly it will run well ahead of Republican candidates for lesser offices in the nation as a whole. Moreover, it acquired more strength during the Republican National Convention—from the selection of Lodge, from President Eisenhower's powerful reply to his critics, from Rockefeller's activities, and, most of all, from Nixon's masterful leadership.

As Nixon had it nailed down in advance, he did not need to go to Chicago before his nomination was formalized. A cautious politician would have stayed away. By going to the convention early and conspicuously assuming personal command, Nixon scored substantial gains. He dramatized himself as a leader—purposeful, vigorous, decisive, persuasive. He used Rockefeller's pressure to nudge the party to the left on domestic issues and forward on defense and foreign policy, directions in which Nixon himself wanted to go.

POLITICAL ASTUTENESS

By following through on his compact with Rockefeller, which in itself was a mark of Nixon's political astuteness, he left the New York governor with no option but to campaign vigorously for the national ticket. He did this without alienating President Eisenhower, on the one hand, or the Republican conservatives on the other. He chose as his running mate the most helpful man available, given Rockefeller's refusal to take second place. In the course of all this, he made several impressive appearances on TV and radio. Altogether, he exhibited a wide range of high capabilities, even political genius.

Nixon's decision to put first emphasis on the global struggle between freedom and Communist imperialism was both astute and statesmanlike. It accords with the grave realities. All other problems are secondary. And in dealing with this overriding problem, the Republican ticket can claim superior experience. However, to have rested on this claim would have left

Nixon and Lodge at a psychological disadvantage. They might have been maneuvered into merely defending the Eisenhower record. Our world position has not deteriorated as much as the President's critics like to think. But recent setbacks have aroused doubts and anxieties.

ADMIRABLE EXPEDIENCY

Nixon's response was not defensive. It was a call to greater effort. Nor was it that of a man content to capitalize on his touted ability to talk back to Khrushchev. He chose to present himself rather as a man who, while firm, determined, and even tough, understands the complexities of the world struggle, unfailingly seeks peace, and knows what the U.S. and the free world must do affirmatively to win without war. Particularly at the outset he chose to stress that, while we must keep our military deterrents unquestionably adequate, the global struggle is primarily economic, social, and ideological, and the decisive theaters are the vast areas of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. This, with all it implies as to increased foreign aid, was not a choice molded by narrow political expediency. It was expedient in the higher, admirable sense—conviction that the people want as their President a trustworthy statesman.

Lodge, of course, fits and bolsters Nixon's campaign strategy. But he is much more than a seasoned diplomat and able spokesman who has been jousting with the Soviets for seven and a half years. He is a liberal Republican politician and public servant of wide knowledge and long experience in domestic affairs. Like Nixon, he has sat in the Cabinet throughout the Eisenhower years. He is well qualified for the Presidency itself.

To say that Nixon and Lodge make a strong ticket and will run ahead of most Republican nominees for lesser offices is not to say that they will win. The Democratic ticket is strong and Democratic Party members more numerous than the Republican. If none of the four nominees is a hero or a titan, every one of them is extremely capable, not only as a politician but as public servant. Every one of them has vigor, vision, a realistic grasp of our most difficult problems, and iron.



Newsweek—Noel Clark

As Barbara Powers waited . . .

The U-2 Pilot . . .

When Mrs. Barbara Powers received her first letter from her husband, she looked at the date—May 26—and the return address—Moscow, Dzerzhinsky Street 2. That address, she learned later, is MVD headquarters in midtown; it includes the infamous Lubyanka Prison.

Here is the text of Francis Gary Powers' first letter from prison (with minor deletions to avoid repetition):

My Dearest Barbara,

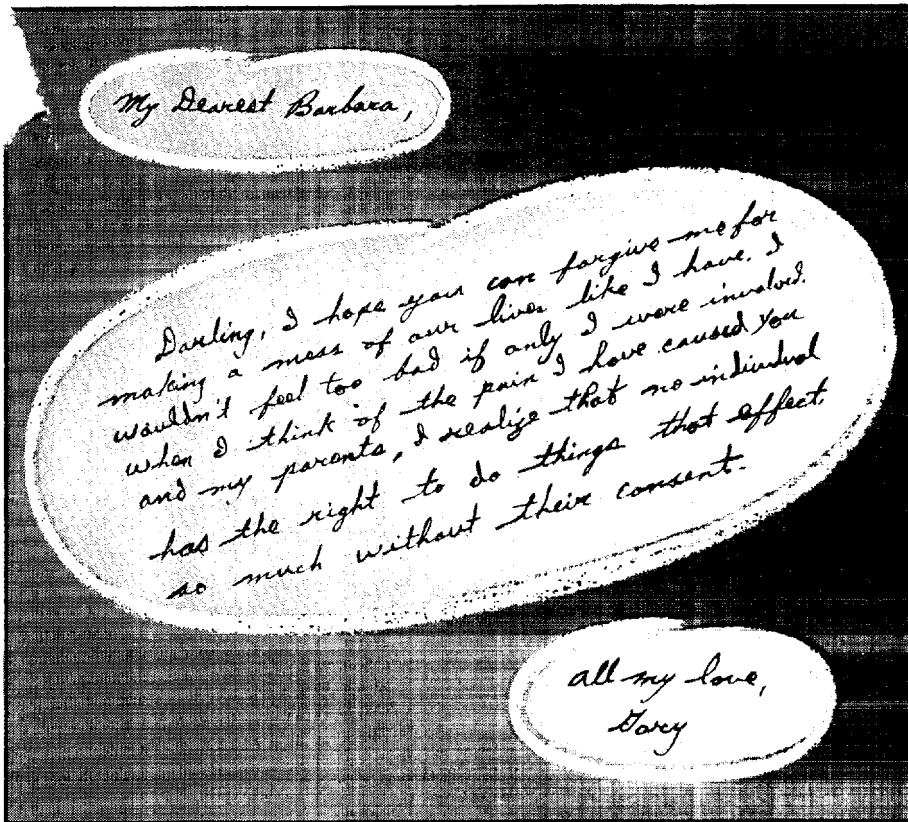
I want you to know that I love you and miss you very much. I did not realize how much until I found myself in this situation. Not knowing when, if ever, I will see you again, has made me realize how much you mean to me. I have had plenty of time to think since I have been here and plenty of time to regret past mistakes.

I am sincerely sorry . . . to be the cause of any suffering or pain that you may be having because of the situation that I am presently in . . .

I have been told that there is a lot of publicity in the U.S. papers about me. I was also told that you had returned to the States and that you are presently with your mother.

Barbara tell me how my mother and father are taking this. Is my mother all right? I was afraid that it might be

THE POWERS STORY: NATIONAL AFFAIRS



... precious words from Moscow were her only link ...



U.S. Air Force

... to husband, Gary, awaiting trial

... His Letters From Prison ... Talk With His Wife

EVER since May 1, when an American U-2 reconnaissance plane was brought down almost in the geographical center of Soviet Russia, the world has waited to hear from the pilot, Francis Gary Powers. In this copyrighted story, NEWSWEEK's Diplomatic Correspondent Edward Weintal reveals Powers' touching letters to his wife, and her dreadful ordeal.

too much of a shock to her ...

Well to get back to me, I am getting along as good as can be expected. I get more than I can eat and plenty of sleep. I have also been reading a lot. I have been treated much better than I expected. For the first week or so I had no appetite at all but I am doing fine now.

When I had to bail out of the plane I skinned my right shin a little and carried a black eye for two weeks. A lady doctor treated them both and they are well now.

That was my first experience with a parachute and I hope I will never have another. I could not use the ejection seat because of G forces and had to climb out. My chute opened immediately how I don't know, I don't remember pulling anything. The people here tell me that I am lucky to be alive but only time will tell me whether or not I was lucky.

that. Before dark that night I was in Moscow. I have been in the same cell since then. It gets plenty lonely here by myself but they have given me books to read and it helps to pass the time. I also get to walk in the fresh air every day that it doesn't rain. One day I even took a sun bath. It has been a little too cold to do that every day.

On May 2nd I was taken for a tour of Moscow which I enjoyed very much. These people are real proud of their capital city and it is a beautiful city. Another time I was taken to a park to review the remains of my plane. These are the only two times I have been out of this building.

Just now a guard ask me if I wanted to walk but I prefer to finish this letter so I said no.

Barbara, I don't know what is going to happen to me. The investigation and interrogation is still going on.

trial. I will be tried in accordance with Artical 2 (sic) of their criminal code for espionage. The artical states that the punishment is 7 to 15 years imprisonment and death in some cases. Where I fit in I don't know. I don't know when the trial will be or anything. I only know that I don't like the situation I am in or the situation I have placed you in ...

I was told today that I could write letters to you and my parents. That was good news. I was also told that there appeared in one of the U.S. papers a statement that my father had made that he would like to come here and see me. I was told that if the U.S. government would let any of you come that you would be allowed to see me. I would rather you waited until the trial or after so that I could tell you what the results were. But I will leave the decision of when to come up to you.

I did take a walk after all. I just came back from it. It was getting pretty smokey in here and I needed the fresh air. I am still smoking too much. By the way these cigarettes here are pretty good ...

... You are on your own now and I don't know for how long. Just be

house some day. It is a pleasant (sic) thought, owning our own house, especially as I sit here in my cell thinking about it.

Well Darling, it is dark outside now and I guess I had better go to bed ... Barbara, once again I say I am very sorry for everything ... I am sending you, with this letter,

All my love,
Gary

Another month elapsed before Mrs. Powers received Gary's second letter. This one was dated June 28 and the envelope still bore the return address: "Mr. F.G. Powers, Moscow, U.S.S.R., Dzerzhinsky St. 2." It was considerably shorter than the first. The text, again with some deletions, follows:

My Dearest Barbara,
I cannot find words to describe what it meant to me to receive your letter ...

Nothing has changed since I last wrote you. I still do not know any more than I did then about what is to happen to me or when my trial will be.

I am still taking daily walks and am getting a suntan. I still have plenty to eat and books to read ... My only complaint is that I am not there with you ...

Darling I am very sorry for the mess I have made out of our lives. All our planes (sic) and all our hopes seem to have been in vain. Needless to say my life would be much different if I had it to live over again. What's done is done and there is nothing I can do about it now.

Stateside life apparently agrees with Eck (their dog). I can remember how we tried to get him to gain weight before. I suppose he gets better food there. Take good care of him Barbara for he is a fine dog ...

Barbara try to keep my mother from worrying too much ... I have been afraid that my being here might cause her to have another heart attack. I could never forgive myself if I were responsible for that.

I remember how you used to try to get me to write home more often. I always kept putting it off even though I knew they wanted to hear from me. They deserved a better son than they had. Maybe I can make up for it someday in the future.

Darling I can't tell you ... how sorry I am that all this has happened. You also deserved better than this. It seems I have done nothing but hurt the people I love most ... I hope that I will have the opportunity to do

better in the future, but the future doesn't look very bright ...

All my love,
Gary

Three weeks passed and then Barbara received Gary's third, and latest, letter, dated July 19:

My Dearest Barbara,
Apparently you wrote your last letter before you received mine. I suppose you have received it by this time ...

Since I last wrote you I have received one letter from home and one from my sister Joan. I have answered both of them and also, as my father requested, sent him a cablegram telling him he could come to visit me when it was convenient to him. He said his bag was already packed and apparently he intends to come soon ...

The trial date has been set for the seventeenth of August. I sure didn't expect a trial for my birthday. Now you can make plans for your trip. I don't want you to have to stay here in Moscow alone for a long period of time. You know how it is to be alone in a strange city ...

I have a Russian defense counsel appointed to defend me. I have talked to him several times and feel sure he will do his best and that is all I can ask of anyone.

I am still taking walks everyday and am getting a fairly good suntan. I would much rather be getting my suntan on a beach somewhere with

you. It's the same sun but it looked much better before all this happened.

In Joan's letter she ask me if I have any objections to her naming her new baby, if it's a boy, after me. Of course I told her no and I feel very honored that she should want to do so.

I am reading "Gone with The Wind" now and I like it very much. I don't know why I never read it before ... I have also been given a Bible which I read every day ...

The day is almost finished and after I finish this letter I will read a while and then go to sleep. I like to see night come for that means one more day less to wait. Always before I hated to see each day pass for that meant one day older ...

I often wonder if Eck misses me or if he has forgotten me already. I do miss him. Has he been good?

... Remember that I love you with all my heart ...

All my love,
Gary

Mrs. Powers' Story

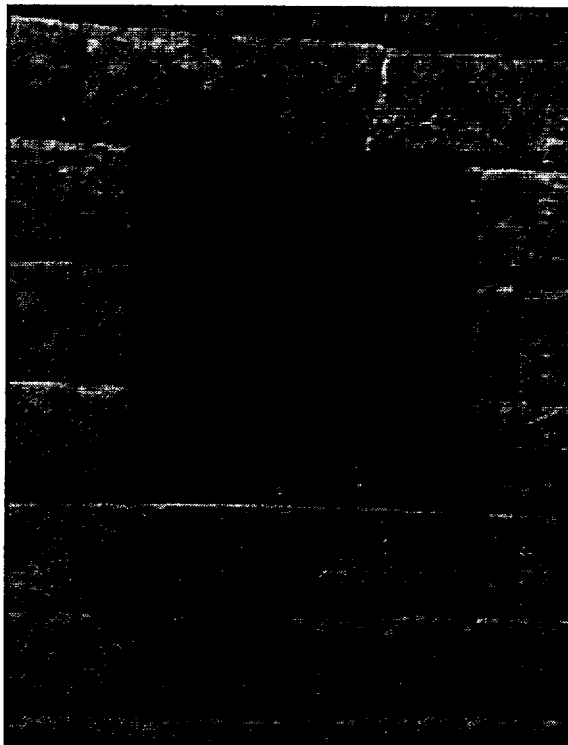
It was 5:30 in the morning on May 2 when Barbara Powers was awakened in the large and comfortable trailer where she and her husband lived near the airfield outside Adana, Turkey. Gary Powers had left five days before on one of his undiscussed missions, and she had heard nothing since.

As Mrs. Powers tells the story now, "some of Gary's friends" were at the trailer door. "Barbara," they said, "we have bad news for you. Gary is missing. We have search planes out for him but they haven't found him."

Apparently Mrs. Powers fainted. "The next thing I remember is the base doctor giving me shots. I don't know how many I had. I just don't ever want to have another."

Six days were to pass—days of black anxiety—before Barbara Powers found out what had happened to her husband. She was then back in the States, at the behest of "Gary's boss," and she got the news from a front page at which she just happened to glance.

Until that fateful week, the life of Barbara Powers had been more or less typical of the wives who play their own domestic roles within the nation's far-flung network of defense. She was in her early 20s when she met and married Gary Powers in 1955. She was a Civil Service secretary at the Marine Corps supply center in Albany, Ga., where she had grown up. Gary was a pilot and flew a week. Gary



Charles Klensch

a dashing Air Force lieutenant, attached to nearby Turner Field. A year later, Gary resigned from the Air Force to accept employment, nominally with Lockheed Aircraft Corp. The Lockheed people sent him to Adana, a booming commercial center in southern Turkey near an Air Force base. He was told he could not take Barbara; no accommodations. But Mrs. Powers followed him on her own hook. She got a job in Greece, the nearest she could get to Gary, as an Air Force secretary. Gary used to fly from Adana to see her once or twice a month.

Good Life: Finally, early in 1958, the Lockheed people arranged accommodations in Adana. Mrs. Powers joined her husband. At first they lived in a brick house "downtown." But about a year ago, the Lockheed contingent—known as the "1010 detachment"—was moved into a trailer colony on the base. "We were fortunate in having the end trailer," Barbara recalls now. "It had a lovely view of the mountains.

"What did I know about Gary's flying missions?

"As far as I was concerned, they were flying T-birds [T-33 jet trainers] for service and overhaul in Germany. We never talked much about what the men were doing. But I always had the premonition it was something dangerous."

Such was the background of their lives—until April 27. "I shall never forget that day as long as I live," Barbara says now, and her voice becomes a whisper.

"About 6 that evening Gary came into the trailer and asked me to fix him a 'fair-size lunch.' I knew what that meant. He was off on a mission again. The sun was setting over the mountains and I thought to myself 'at least he will have good weather for his trip.'"

Last Meal: "While he was packing his gear, I fixed lunch. A Thermos of hot potato soup, another with coffee, sugar, and cream—plenty of both—and six sandwiches, tuna fish, pimento cheese, Spam, and some sweet pickles, olives, and cookies. That was the last meal I ever fixed for him.

"I spent the next four days playing bridge with the girls, lolling in the sun.

"Then came the fifth day, May 2, and the 5:30 awakening. Gary was gone.

"All next day and night I just sat glued to the radio waiting for news. But there was none. Then Gary's boss came in and told me it would be better for me to go to the States and wait there . . . I packed a few things together and started on my trip back to Milledgeville [in Georgia where her mother lives].

"I arrived at Atlanta on Sunday, May

MR. F. G. POWERS
MOSCOW USSR
PRELIMINARY ST. R.

AR
RECOMMANDE

ABNA
PAR AVION
H Москва
№ 482

Mrs. FRANCIS G. POWERS

1624 MARION STREET

MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA

U S A

МЕЖДУНАРОДНОЕ

I am still taking walks everyday and am getting a fairly good suntan. I would much rather be getting my suntan on a beach somewhere with you. It's the same sun but it looked much better before all this happened.

I am reading "Gone with the Wind" now and I like it very much. I don't know why I never read it before. I am very thankful that I like to read and am given the opportunity to read. It made the time pass faster and takes my mind off my troubles to a certain extent. I have also been given a Bible which I read every day.

I have just finished eating supper, "ужин" as it is spelled in Russian. I get more than enough to eat and always have tea to drink. In fact I am drinking tea and smoking as I write this letter.

The day is almost finished and after I finish this letter I will read a while and then go to sleep. I like to see night come for that means one more day less to wait. Always before I hated to see each day pass for that meant one day older.

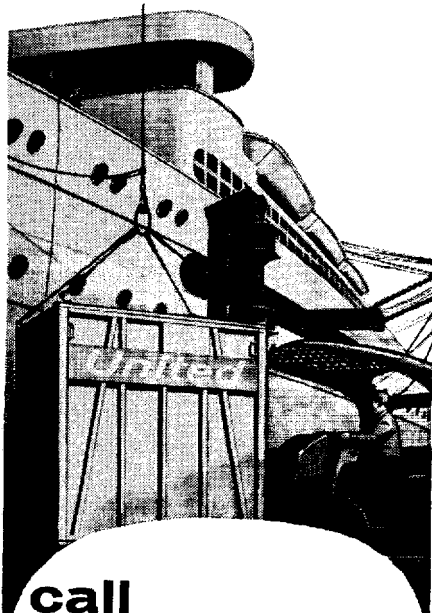
FROM Moscow, more letters from U-2 pilot Powers, as he tells of love, loneliness, and his impending trial.

August 8, 1960

when the
occasion

calls for
MOVING...

(OVERLAND OR OVERSEAS)



call

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EVERYWHERE

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

8. Bill Miller, a representative of the Lockheed people, met me at the airport and offered to drive me home. On the road I suddenly remembered it was Mother's Day and we stopped at a cross-road drugstore to buy Mother a present.

"I bought a compact for Mother and I happened to glance at a newspaper. Gary's picture and mine were on the front page. This was the first I had heard that Gary was shot down and a prisoner of the Russians. I never knew how I made it back to the car."

Nervous: When she talks of events since that nerve-shattering day—of her efforts to get into Russia, to do something for Gary—Barbara gets emotional and tearful. She is shy and nervous.

"I have written to the President, to Secretary Herter, and to Premier Khrushchev. I had one letter from someone in the State Department saying they have talked to Mr. Gromyko [the Russian Foreign Minister] but have had no reply. I have heard nothing at all from the Russians."

Is the Government giving Barbara enough help?

Barbara hesitates at this question. "I am grateful to my neighbors, to Dr. James Baugh who has been looking after me, and to the Virginia Bar Association for legal help. But I do not feel enough has been done to help Gary."

"Gary could have done nothing terribly wrong if the President and Congress of the United States have approved of what he was doing. If they have ordered him to do what he did, then I think they should try harder to help him and help me go over and see him."

"Maybe if the women of America wrote to Mrs. Khrushchev and asked her to let me see my husband it would help. I read that she was a kind and nice woman and I have cabled her myself. I don't know. All I know is that Gary was out there on a mission ordered by the President and Congress and there must be some way of letting me go to see him."

Puzzling: Last week Barbara and her lawyer went to the Soviet Embassy in Washington to plead for an entrance visa. But all she got was the perfunctory word that her application would have to be passed on in Moscow.

The fact that Gary's father, Oliver Powers of Pound, Va., had received a visa in May, almost as soon as he asked for it, is somewhat puzzling to Barbara, but she is careful not to express resentment. The fact is, though, that relations between the young wife and her father-in-law are strained. Mrs. Ida Lord Powers, Gary's mother, has also applied for a visa, but certainly Barbara feels that she is the one who should be at Gary Powers' side as Aug. 17, his day of trial, nears—the trial that she knows too well could send him to his death.

LOUISIANA:

The Unquenchable Loi

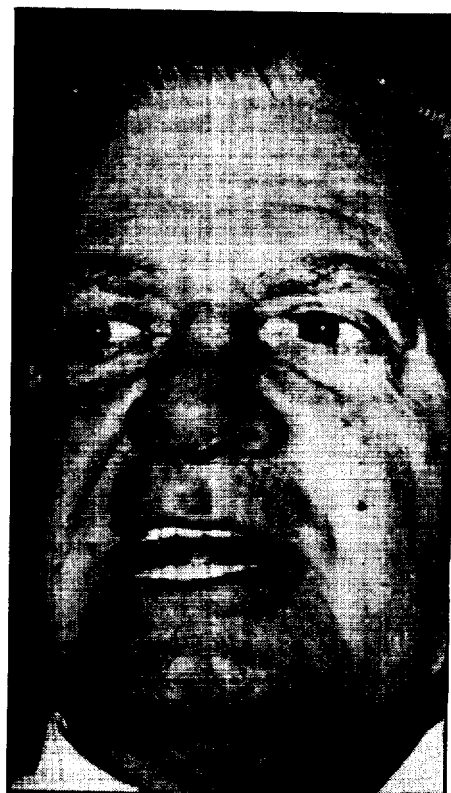
Ol' Earl Long, hoarse-voiced and trousered as when he was governor of Louisiana, ran a rip-snorting campaign in a three-man primary for Congress. Battling hard to displace Harold B. McSween of Alexandria, Long ranted at every crowd he could find, plastered the eight-parish district with billboards, gave away hams and canned goods and, when the staples ran out, passed out soda pop and potato chips. Estimated cost: Between \$25,000 and \$50,000.

The returns were in last week and so was Long—in the runoff on Aug. 27 for the Democratic nomination that in Louisiana is equivalent to election. "I sure showed that sapsucker* where the bear sat in the buckwheat," Long exulted.

Actually, Long polled only 26,128 votes to 29,854 for McSween. But that was enough to eliminate Ben F. Hold, the third man in the race.

What of the runoff? Given the magic of the Long name, many Louisiana observers thought Ol' Earl had a better than even chance of defeating McSween. But McSween disagreed. "I think Mr. Long has polled his full strength," he mildly remarked. Long had no doubts. With a big grin, Long boasted: "We'll snow that yellow-bellied sapsucker under."

*Ornithologically, a species of woodpecker: *Sphyrapicus varius*.



Associated Press

Ex-Gov. Earl Long: The magic

Newsweek, August 8, 1960